JUNE, 1865.

THE

Evangelical Repository,

AND

United Presbyterian Review,

DEVOTED TO THE

PRINCIPLES OF THE WESTMINSTER FORMULARIES, AS WITNESSED FOR BY THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF NORTH AMERICA.

EDITORS:

JOSEPH T. COOPER & W. W. BARR.

CORRESPONDING EDITOR,

DAVID R. KERR.

"Earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered to the saints."

"The servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves."

Old Series, Vol. XLI.—New Series, Vol. III.

PHILADELPHIA:

WILLIAM S. YOUNG, PROPRIETOR, No. 1023 RACE STREET,

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The Pennsylvania Central R. R.

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8.00 A. M.—MAIL TRAIN, with the following connections:—Arrive WEST CHESTER INTERSECTION 9.05 A. M., and connect with West Chester R. R., arriving at West Chester 9.30 A. M. At DOWNINGTOWN 9.35 A. M., connecting with train for Waynesburg, and reaching there 11.10 A. M. At COLUMBIA 11.50 A. M., connecting with Northern Central R. R., and reaching York at 2.50 P. M., Hanover Junction 3.30 P. M., Hanover 4.45 P. M., and Gettysburg 6.15 P. M. Also, with train on Reading & Columbia R. R., leaving at 2.00 P. M. Arrive at HARRISBURG 1.20 P. M., connecting with Northern Central trains North, thus:—Leave Harrisburg 1.45 P. M., arrive Sunbury 4.20 P. M., Milton 5.03 P. M., Williamsport 6.15 P. M., Lock Haven 7.30 P. M. [Passengers for Elmira, Rochester, Canandaigua, Niagara Falls, etc., reach Elmira at 10.45 P. M., and Buffalo at 6.15 A. M.] Passengers for Danville, Rupert, Bloomsburg, Berwick, Beech Haven, Shickshinny, Plymouth, Kingston, Wyoming, Pittston and Scranton, take the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg trains at Northumberland.] At HARRISBURG, for points South on Northern Central Railway, leave at 1.30 P. M., arrive York 2.57 P. M, Hanover Junction 3.30 P. M., Hanover 4.45 P. M., and Gettysburg 6.15 P. M. At HARRISBURG, for points in Cumberland Valley, leaving at 1.40 P. M., arrive Carlisle 2.58 P. M., Chambersburg 4.35 P. M., and Hagerstown 6.15 P. M. At TYRONE 6.58 P. M., connecting with Bald Eagle Valley Train, leaving at 7.00 P. M., and arriving at Bellefonte at 9.00 P. M. At ALTOONA 7.40 P. M., connecting with Branch train for Hollidaysburg, reaching there 8.25 P. M. At CRESSON 8.38 P. M., connecting with Branch train for Ebensburg, arriving 9.40 P. M. At PITTSBURGH 1.30 A. M. and there connecting for all points West, North-west and South-west.

10.00 A. M.—PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1, arriving at Paoli at 11.05 A. M.

12.00 A. M.—FAST LINE connects at LANDISVILLE 2.40 P. M., with train on Reading & Columbia R. R., arriving at Litiz, 3.10 P. M., Ephratah 3.33 P. M. At HARRISBURG, with an Accommodation Train on Northern Central Railway, for Sunbury and intermediate points, reaching Sunbury at 6.50 P. M. At HARRISBURG with train on Cumberland Valley for Carlisle, arriving there at 5.15 P. M. Arrives Pittsburgh 1.30 A. M., and there makes close connection for all Western points.

1.10 P. M.—PARKESBURG ACCOMMODATION, arrives at Parkesburg at 3.35 P. M., stopping at intermediate Stations.

2.30 P. M.—HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION, makes connection at Downingtown at 4.04 P. M., with train on Waynesburg Branch, leaving at 4.30 P. M., and arriving at Waynesburg at 6.00 P. M. At COLUMBIA, at 6.25 P. M., with Northern Central Railway, for York, leaving Wrightsville 7.00 P. M., and arriving York, 1.40 P. M. Arrives at Harrisburg 7.45 P. M.

4 P. M.—EMIGRANT ACCOMMODATION, from 137 Dock Street, daily, except Sabbath.—Arrives Harrisburg, 4.05 A. M.; Mifflin, 9.47 A. M.; Altoona, 3.20 P. M., and Pittsburg, 11.00 P. M. The cars are comfortable, and emigrants, or families going West, will find the rates low, and have their baggage, for which checks are given, forwarded by the same train. For further particulars apply to FRANCIS FUNK, Emigrant Agent, 137 Dock Street. Between Harrisburg and Pittsburgh a first class car is attached to this train for local travel.

4 P. M.—LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION, reaches Lancaster at 7.29 P. M., and Columbia at 8.10 P. M.

5.30 P. M.—PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2, reaches Paoli at 6.30 P. M.

8.30 P. M.—PITTSBURG AND ERIE MAIL, with the following connections:—Arrive Harrisburg, 1.00 A. M.; Sunbury, 3.53 A. M.; Northumberland, 4.24 A. M.; Milton, 4.15 A. M.; Williamsport, 6.05 A. M.; Lock Haven, 7.25 A. M.; Emporium, 11.08 A. M.; St. Mary's, 12.05 A. M.; Corry, 4.38 P. M., and Erie 6.35 P. M. [At Corry close connection is made with Oil Creek R. R., for Titusville and Shaffer's, the present terminus of the Road, thence by Stage or Boat for Oil City and Franklin.] [Passengers for Danville, Rupert, Bloomsburg, Berwick Beech Haven, Shickshinny, Plymouth, Kingston, Wyoming, Pittston and Scranton, take the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg trains at Northumberland.] [Passengers for Elmira, Rochester, Canandaigua, Niagara Falls, etc., reach Elmira at 11.35 A. M., and Buffalo at 9.20 P. M.] At HARRISBURG, with Northern Central Railway, for the South, leaving at 2.50 A. M.; arrives York, 4.10 A. M.; Hanover Junction, 4.45 A. M.; leaves Hanover Junction, 9.50 A. M.; arrives Hanover, 11.00 A. M.; and Gettysburg, 1.25 P. M. At HUNTINGDON, 5.31 A. M., with train on Broad Top R. R., arriving Hopewell,——A. M., Mt. Dallas,——A. M., and connecting thence by Stage for Bedford. At TYRONE, 6.29 A. M., connecting with train on Bald Eagle Valley Road, leaving Tyrone at 8.50 A. M., arrive Bellefonte, 11.13 A. M., and Howard, 12.20 P. M. Leaving Tyrone on Clearfield R. R., at 8.55 A. M., and arriving Phillipsburg, 11.00 A. M. At CRESSON, 8.13 A. M., connecting with branch train for Ebensburg, and arriving there, 12.27 P. M. At BLAIRSVILLE INTERSECTION, 10.20 A. M., connecting with branch train which arrives, Blairsville, 10.40 A. M., and Indiana, 12.10 P. M. [This train also connects at Blairsville with West Pennsylvania R. R., arriving Saltsburg, 11.45 A. M.] Arrives, PITTSBURGH at 1.00 P. M., and connects for all points West.

11.10 P. M.—PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS, stops only at Downingtown, Lancaster, Harrisburg, Marysville, Newport, Mifflin, Lewistown, Huntingdon, Altoona, Gallitzin and Conemaugh.—At HUNTINGDON, with Broad Top R. R., leaving there at 8.00 A. M., and arriving at Dudley——A. M., Mt. Dallas——A. M., and thence by stage to Bedford. At ALTOONA, at 9.05 A. M., connection is made with train for Hollidaysburg, reaching there at 9.55 A. M., and thence by hack to Bedford. Arrives, Pittsburgh 2.40 P. M., making close connection with through trains on all the diverging roads from that point, North to the Lakes, West to the Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers, and South and South-west to all points accessible by Railroad.

For further information, apply at the Passenger Station, corner of Thirtieth and Market Streets, Philadelphia.

JOHN F. VANLEER, Jr., Ticket Agent.

THE MURDER OF THE LATE PRESIDENT,—A CALL FOR FASTING.

The President of the United States has very properly called the nation to fasting and humiliation in view of the murder of our late President. We earnestly hope that due attention will be given to this call.

How strange is the event that has given occasion to this proclamation! How strange that such a man as Abraham Lincoln should meet with such a death! It is not the first time that a ruler has been assassinated. History presents us with several instances of this crime; but we think the pages of history will be searched in vain to find an instance so strange as the one which has filled this whole land with mourning. How difficult to conceive of any adequate motive that could prompt the wretch to the commission of this crime! It does not appear, from any thing that has yet transpired, that he was smarting under a sense of any personal injury. Nor does it appear that he had been a soldier in the rebel army or had seriously suffered in his person, property or relatives by the efforts of the Government to suppress the rebellion. Even in that case, however, one would suppose that our beloved President would have been the very last victim selected by this bloody assassin. No one who has had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the character of Mr. Lincoln could possibly mistake the fact, that if ever there was a public officer whose heart was prompted by the most kindly and generous impulses, and who, while he felt it to be necessary to maintain the majesty of the law, and preserve the nation from dismemberment, at the same time, felt for these very rebels who were filling the land with the blood of their own brothers, all the pity and yearnings of a father, that man was Mr. Lincoln. When thousands throughout the land were crying out for retaliation, how reluctant was he to resort to any thing of this sort! In all his addresses to the people from the time that he assumed the high duties to which he was called, no word of bitterness ever came from his lips or dropped from his pen. Even in those seasons in which he congratulated the American people on the victories that had been achieved by our arms, we heard from him no word that would indicate any thing like triumph over a fallen foe. We question, indeed, if such an example of self-possession, forbearance and long-suffering is to be found in the life of any public man since the world began. It is marvellous! The more we contemplate it, the more astonishing does it appear. His character in this respect we believe will be held up as perhaps the brightest model on the page of history. Our beloved Washington, with all his wonderful combination of excellencies, was, we believe, inferior to Mr. Lincoln in this respect. He never was so tried by such fiendish foes, as was this our second Washington; and we are sure he never exhibited more calmness of spirit, or manifested such a disposition to sacrifice

every feeling of revenge for the public good. These traits of character were not weaknesses in Mr. Lincoln. They were associated with a firmness and determination of purpose which few men possess. No influence that could be brought to bear upon him was sufficient to swerve him one hair's breadth from that line of policy he had marked out for himself. His whole conduct shows that he had an unfaltering trust in the rectitude of his country's cause. Such was the confidence which the people had in his wisdom, prudence and patriotic devotion that they felt that the reins of the government were in safe hands. They were assured that their President, though possessed of a heart that was overflowing with kindness would do right, and they were willing to trust him. Such is the man whom this bloody assassin has taken from us—a man, who with an unconquerable energy of will and honesty of purpose had a heart filled with the tenderest emotions of pity towards those who were blindly rushing to destruction. Is it not wonderful that such a man should meet with such a death? How unaccountable the motives that could prompt to such an act; and that, too, when it could not but be known by the malignant rebels, who doubtless employed this person as their instrument, that if there were any officer of government in the land to whom the plea of mercy could be made with any hope of success, that man was Abraham Lincoln! There is indeed such a strange mystery about this matter that were it not evidently the result of a conspiracy, and were not the circumstances connected with his death of such a character as to render such a supposition wholly unwarrantable, we would be constrained to regard it as the act of a madman.

How strange, too, that such an act should be permitted by the Almighty Ruler of the universe! That it was permitted no one who believes in the being and perfections of Jehovah can for a moment doubt.

The doctrine of the Bible is, that *if there be evil in the city, the Lord hath done it, and that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice.* We know that he could have prevented it, had it been in accordance with his will to have done so;—that he could have palsied the arm that held the fatal weapon. How wonderful that he should permit this bloody assassin to plunge a nation in mourning,—to take from us our wise and noble-hearted chief! Ah, reader! this is one of the deep mysteries of God. We may try to fathom it, but we cannot. The only relief that the soul can find in the contemplation of such a scene is to cease to reason, and let faith have sway. There are those who will reject revelation because of its mysteries, and yet at the same time profess to believe in the being and providence of God. What inconsistency! "Providence," says Cecil, "is a greater mystery than revelation. The state of the world is more humiliating to our reason than the doctrines of the gospel. The reflecting Christian sees more to excite his astonishment and to exercise his faith in the state of things be-

tween Temple Bar and St. Paul's than in what he reads from Genesis to Revelation." Such is the remark of Cecil, and who will say that the student of providence will not find as much to perplex and astonish him in this sad event as the student of revelation can find in the volume of inspiration?

Whether, therefore, we view this act simply in its relations to the murderer or in its relations to Him who doeth according to his will, the very first emotion that rises in the heart is that of astonishment.

What a horrid crime was this! Murder, under any circumstances, is a horrid crime. To shed causelessly the blood of another is an outrage for which no reparation can be made, short of the life of the murderer. The divine law declares "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed; for in the image of God made he him." The reason given for this law reveals at once the heinousness of the offence in the sight of God, and the universality of the law, as applicable to every case in which there has been a commission of the act. It is enough that the victim of the murderer was a *man*, however poor and abject he might be, to bring the perpetrator under this dread sentence of death. The fact that he has causelessly taken away the life of one made in the image of God, places him in the hand of justice,—a justice which nothing will satisfy but the blood of the criminal.

But how is the heinousness of this crime increased, when the victim of the murderer is not only a man,—but a *just* man. Such, every one knows, was the character of him whose death we so much deplore.

No stain rests upon his name. Few men have been called to submit to such a scrutiny as that through which Mr. Lincoln has passed. There were thousands in the land who had the disposition to blacken his reputation, had it been possible to do so; but every effort of this sort was utterly fruitless. Nay, not only fruitless,—but such has been the integrity and purity of his life, that his character, like fine gold, shone the more brightly, the more it was handled.

But if it be a horrid thing to murder a just man, how is our horror increased when the act is perpetrated against a *kind* man. Such was emphatically the character of Mr. Lincoln. He strongly sympathized with the poor and the oppressed. Every pulsation of his large and generous heart, was in unison with the calls of humanity. He could see and recognize its claims, even when found in the persons of that unhappy race whom others were disposed to treat with contempt. Surely such kindness of heart stamps this murderous act with a malignity which cannot but awaken an emotion of unutterable horror in the heart of every one in whom the sympathies of our nature have not been completely blunted.

But what shall we say in view of the fact that the victim of this hellish assault was *the chief magistrate of a great nation*,—a man cho-

sen by the suffrages of millions of freemen to administer the government of the country, and as such, occupying the high position of "a minister of God." He was the representative of the whole nation. Nay, the visible embodiment of the nation itself. To take his life was, in one sense, to take the life of every man, woman and child in the nation. Nay, it was a murderous assault upon the great moral Governor of the universe, who had, by the votes of a free people, placed him in that position, and invested him with the high office of the chief magistracy of the nation. Yes, reader, the man who did this deed, had it in his heart not only to pull down the pillars of our Republic, but to cast down the Almighty from his throne on high. There is an unfathomable depth of wickedness in this act. Language is inadequate to express the emotions of horror with which we should regard it.

What, now, are the lessons we may learn from this horrid act?

How deeply should it impress us with a sense of the awful sovereignty of Jehovah, and the utter incomprehensibleness of his providence. Reader, if ever there were a time in the history of our country in which it became us to stand in silent adoration before the throne of the Almighty, that time is the present. We may hope, indeed, that He who is the "Governor among the nations," has a merciful design in this dispensation;—that it is his purpose to make it conducive to the prosperity of our country. That he can educe out of this great evil such blessed results, we cannot, we dare not for one moment doubt. Yet who is competent to assert that this is his purpose?—"Who hath known the mind of the Lord, or who hath been his counsellor?" Let us beware how we speculate on such matters. Let us reverently adore his sovereign majesty, exclaiming with the Apostle, "How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"

Whatever may be the Lord's purpose in this dispensation, it ought surely to awaken in our hearts feelings of penitential sorrow. Hence we think there is a peculiar propriety in the call that has been addressed to the nation by its chief magistrate, to set apart a day of fasting and humiliation in view of the sins with which we are chargeable as a nation. Reader, interpret this providence as we may, the death of our lamented President is a *judgment upon the nation.* Surely the removal of a wise, upright, and noble-hearted chief, will admit of no other interpretation. Whatever good God may, in his wonder-working providence bring out of it, the natural and necessary indication of this sad event is, that the God of our country is displeased with us, and that by it he is calling the whole land to mourning,—to mourning, not merely in view of the fact that a great and good man has fallen, but that we, by our sins, have provoked the Lord to hide his face from us. Let us not overlook this view of the matter. Let us humble ourselves under his mighty hand, and with penitential

as well as with sorrow-stricken hearts, plead with him to spare this land,—a land so wonderfully signalized in times past by divine favours,—a land in which liberty, when driven from other shores, has found a home, and a land whose soil has been hallowed by the blood of so many thousands of our friends and brothers. Yes, it is the sins of this nation that have covered us with shame and sorrow.

How, too, should this horrid act impress us with a sense of the desperate wickedness of the human heart! We stand amazed at the contemplation of the awful scene that was enacted at Washington; but was there not a time in which the perpetrator of this foul deed would have been horrified at the contemplation of such an act by another? Ah, yes; there was a time when, had it been told him that he would be guilty of such an act, he would have been ready to reply with Hazael of old, "What! is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" But you see, dear reader, that it was in his heart to do it, and to do it deliberately. We know not what untold, unfathomable, unimaginable depths of wickedness there is in these hearts of ours; nor do we know to what deeds of cruelty they would hurry us, if unrestrained by the providence and grace of God. Look at that piece of cold flint. Who would imagine that from it sparks may be struck that would wrap this whole city in flames? Just so it is, reader, with the heart of man. It contains latent energies, and hidden resources of evil, of the extent of which we can form no adequate conception. How should this thought humble us and cause us to cry out, "Create in me a clean heart, O God!—renew a right spirit within me."

Since this rebellion was started, we have had exhibitions of human depravity far beyond any thing of which we could have supposed the people of this country to be capable. It would, indeed, be hard to conceive of a more wicked conspiracy than the present rebellion. It was started into being for the avowed purpose, not only of perpetuating,—but of extending one of the most brutalizing forms of slavery, that ever existed. Think, too, of the means by which it has sought to carry out its foul purposes. What precious lives it has sacrificed! What thousands of homes it has desolated! What fiendish cruelties it has practised upon the helpless victims upon whom it was able to fix its bloody grasp! And now, at last, we have been called to contemplate the assassination of our wise and good President, as the offspring of the same foul spirit of rebellion, as the last act of its bloody treachery. We question if the history of the world affords an instance of such enormous wickedness as that which has characterized this rebellion from the beginning to the end,—if, indeed, we may regard it as having reached its end. The thought of such enormities having been perpetrated upon our soil, and by American citizens, should humble us and fill our faces with shame.

In view of the great wickedness of this rebellion, we fear that our Government has incurred the displeasure of Heaven, by the lenity it has shown to its leaders. It may be that one design of God, in the removal of our late President, was to arouse the nation to an assertion and vindication of the claims of justice. The civil magistrate is declared to be "a minister of God,—*a revenger, to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil.*" To allow the leaders of this rebellion to escape, is to ignore the very end for which civil magistracy has been ordained by the God of heaven. The moment the Government adopts such a line of policy, it tramples upon the principle of eternal justice. The blood of our slaughtered fellow-countrymen *must be avenged.* Heaven demands it at the hands of our civil rulers; and if they fail to answer this demand, he will take the work into his own hands. It becomes the authorities of our civil government to take warning from the words of the prophet to the king of Israel, who allowed Benhadad, the king of Syria, to escape. "Thus saith the Lord, because thou hast let go out of thy hand, a man whom I appointed to utter destruction; therefore thy life shall go for his life, and thy people for his people." There are deeds of wickedness, to the perpetrators of which no mercy should be shown by those who "bear the sword;" and these are unquestionably wilful murder, and that greatest of all crimes,—*treason.* "Whoso resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist, shall receive to themselves damnation." Such is the solemn declaration of the infinite Majesty of heaven, the Judge of all. We tremble for our country, when we think of the disregard with which this declaration has been treated by the very ministers of justice in our land. Let us not forget this in the observance of the solemn fast to which the nation has been called.

INTERESTING RELICS.

Our acknowledgments are due to Robert H. McBride, Esq., the interesting Correspondent of the Washington *Chronicle* and the Philadelphia *Press*, for a writ bearing date of April 1767, in the seventh year of the reign of George the Third, and also the manuscript copy of a sermon by a rebel chaplain on Matth. i. 21; which fell into his hands on the occasion of the ever memorable surrender of Lee.

The sermon bears the name of James Little, and was written at "Lake City, April 27th, 1862." It is a very evangelical discourse. We could not but feel sorry, while reading it, that the author of such a sermon should have given his countenance and support to a cause so infamous.

OBITUARY.—DEATH OF GEORGE KERR, OF TUSCALOOSA, ALA.

We learn from a letter lately received from his grand-daughter, that this good man departed this life about a year ago, in the 95th year of his age. It was the privilege of the senior editor of this periodical to enjoy the hospitalities of Mr. Kerr more than twenty-five years ago, and the impression of his eminent worth and devoted piety will never be effaced from our mind. He had been originally a member of the Original Seceders of Scotland, and identified himself with the Associate Presbyterian Church in this country, and earnestly desired to have a congregation sustained in the city of Tuscaloosa. He was generally referred to by his acquaintances by the name of "Father Kerr." His grand-daughter says:—

"The times seemed to depress him, and he expressed a great desire to depart. His last words were, 'My soul is winging its way to the eternal home.'"

There are few in our church who ever heard of this person, and who therefore will feel any special interest in reading this notice; but we have felt that this tribute of respect was due to the memory of an intelligent and kind-hearted follower of the Saviour. May his children and his children's children imitate the example of their worthy ancestor.

P. S.—Since writing the above, we have seen a notice of the death of his son, Mr. John Poole Kerr, from which we learn that he emigrated from Sanquhar, Scotland, with his father, George Kerr, who resided some time in this country, and thence removed to North Carolina, and afterwards to Alabama. Mr. J. P. Kerr, at the time of his death, was, we believe, residing in Epworth, Dubuque Co., Iowa.

We were well acquainted with him, and for him cherished a high regard. The kindness which he and his excellent companion showed to Rev. John M. Scroggs, while remaining in the South, with a view to the restoration of his health, made a deep impression upon the heart of our young brother. J. T. C.

Died, Nov. 1st, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga., where he was confined by the rebels as a prisoner of war, JOSEPH R. D. WOODBURN, Co. G., 7th Regt. Infantry, P. R. V.

The subject of this notice was in his twenty-fifth year at the time of his death. He has been well known to the writer from his earliest childhood, and was either the first or second child that was baptized by him when he took charge of the congregation, of which both his parents were at the time, and of which they are at present, members. On the 7th of April, 1859, he made a public profession of religion. Upon the outbreak of the rebellion, he and his two brothers felt it to be their duty to offer their services in response to the call that had been made by the President of the United States. The lives of the other two have been mercifully spared during their three years' term of service. It was the will of God, however, that the life of this dear young brother should be offered as a sacrifice upon the altar of his country. How faithfully he discharged his duty, will appear from the following testimony of his Captain, John D. Adair, given some time prior to his death. In speaking of him in a letter that was shown to the writer, he says, "By his honesty, sobriety and integrity of character, he had won for himself a reputation, not only in my estimation, but in that of all who were acquainted with him."

Since we have been in the ministry, we have known few young men who had a stronger hold upon the affections of his intimate acquaintances. Possessing a remarkable degree of sprightliness and amiability of disposition, and ever conducting himself with propriety both as a pupil and teacher in the Sabbath school, and as a member of the church, it was with sorrowful feelings that we parted from him when he left us for the war. His sorrowing friends have only just now been able to ascertain with certainty, his death. No particulars have as yet reached them. Should these lines reach the eyes of any of his fellow-prisoners, the writer and his friends will be exceedingly thankful for any information that may be communicated. It may be sent to the senior editor of this periodical. Those only who have been called to experience similar trials, will be able to appreciate the grief felt by the parents, the brothers and the sister of this dear young man, in contemplating the privations and sufferings to which their beloved son and brother was subjected at Andersonville. We can only commend them to the sympathy and consolation of that Saviour to whose service their dear Joseph had early devoted his life, and in whose blissful presence he is now, as we trust, enjoying a happiness infinitely higher and better than the friendship and endearments of home can impart. J. T. C.

CONTENTS.

Should Children Adopted by Members of the Church be Admitted to the Ordinance of Baptism?..... 3
The Reformation Era,—as Symbolized in the Tenth Chapter of Revelation,..... 9
The Encyclical Letter of Pope Pius IX.,..... 19
Rome and the United States,..... 28
A Version of Psalm VI., 8s. & 7s., 29
That Dreadful House,..... 30
The Gap between the Sabbath School and the Church,..... 32
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.
The Door of Heaven,..... 33
A Talk in the Night,..... 34
Waking Grandma,..... 34
About Tobacco,..... 34
The Advantages of Singing,..... 34
EDITORIAL.—The Murder of the late President,—a Call for Fasting, 35
Interesting Relics,..... 40
Our Missions,..... 41
ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD,..... 42
NOTICES OF BOOKS,..... 44
INDEX TO VOL. XLI,..... 47
OBITUARIES, (Cover.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS FROM MAY 8TH, TO MAY 24.

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